

If you freaked

The hair of your cunt
the way you do your lashes
I'd break and run given
the chance or else throw
myself upon my face
in quaking prayer

If you painted yourself
down there as you do
your mouth I'd think I
was going to get
eaten up

Thank you sweetly
sweetly that you spare me
these tender
terrors

I used to

Make
aeroplanes out of
old apple crates

I thought
they
would fly to
the moon